*Oth.* Let me see your eyes--looke in my face.
*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?
*Oth.* Some of your function mistrisse,
Leaue procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery: nay dispatch. *Exit* Em.
*Des.* Vpon my knees, what does your speech import?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
*Oth.* Why, what art thou?
*Des.* Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
*Oth.* Come, sweare it, dam thy selfe,
Least being like one of heauen, the diuells themselues
Should feare to cease thee, therefore be double damb'd,
Sweare thou art honest.
*Des.* Heauen doth truely know it.
*Oth.* Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell.
*Des.* To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I false?
*Oth.* O *Desdemona*, away, away, away.
*Des.* Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occasion of those teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue left him,
Why I haue left him too.
*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kindes of sores, and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I should haue found in some part of my soule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing fingers at--oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there: where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,

The



The fountaine, from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dryes vp, to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
*Des.* I hope my noble Lord esteemes me honest.
*Oth.* O I, as summers flies, are in the shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou blacke weede, why art so louely faire?
Thou smell'st so sweete, that the sence akes at thee,
Would thou hadst ne're bin borne.
*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sinne haue I committed?
*Oth.* Was this faire paper, this most goodly booke,
Made to write whore on?--- What, committed?
Heauen stops the nose at it, and the Moone winkes,
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush't within the hallow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:--what committed,--impudent strumpe
*Des.* By heauen you doe me wrong.
*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?
*Des.* No, as I am a Christian:
If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any hated foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
*Oth.* What, not a whore?
*Des.* No, as I shall be saued. *Enter* Emillia.
*Oth.* Ist possible?
*Des.* O heauen forgiue vs.
*Oth.* I cry you mercy,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*: you mistrisse,
That haue the office opposite to S. *Peter*,
And keepes the gates in hell, I, you, you, you;
We ha done our course; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsell. *Exit*,
*Em.* Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue?